

T/SOR/24/3/7

SMILE

Issue 10 UK 60p US \$2 Smash The Imagination



SEX WITHOUT SECRETIONS



BUY CULTURE

BEAT DEATH

INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF MULTIPLE ORIGINS

DESIRE IN RUINS

1) The whole of post-modern life is mediated by a series of abstractions. Creativity, pleasure, imagination, desire, all have a role to play in the maintenance of the capitalist system.

2) Those who do not reiterate accepted mystifications find their activities and ideas suppressed by both the media and the soft cops in the universities and community relations.

3) In the past, life was mediated by such abstractions as honesty, truth, progress, and the myth of a better future. Creativity, pleasure, imagination, and desire, are a further refinement in the mediation of life by abstractions. In the post-modern era they serve power in the same way that honesty, truth, progress, etc. served the capitalist system in the classical modern age (1909 - 1957).

4) Creativity is labour reified to moral good, the name of the work ethic after its modernisation. To those who oppose all moralisms creativity is just as alienating as wage labour. We reiterate the anti-moralist slogan 'Never Work' and hold that this formulation embraces the refusal of creativity.

5) Pleasure is a method for the ordering of experience into a hierarchy of desirability. It is an abstraction which negates the lived moment, and requires reference to the possibility of past/future (or at least other) experience. The anti-capitalist must reject all such systems of value.

6) Imagination is an abstraction which negates concrete experience. It is the central mechanism for the dominance of the image as chief agent of repression in our spectacular society.

7) Desire is the permanent deferral of the actuality of the present in favour of the purported gratifications of an illusory future.

8) We engage an active nihilism for the destruction of this world and all its abstractions:

No more leaders.

No more experts.

No more superstars.

No more politicians.

No more thinking 'culture' can change anything except a few bank accounts.

The show is over.

The audience start to leave.

Time to collect their coats and go home.

They turn around.....

.....No more coats

.....No more homes

ABOLISH PLEASURE

REFUSE CREATIVITY

SMASH THE IMAGINATION

DESIRE IN RUINS

THE PRESENT IS ABSOLUTE

EVERYTHING NOW!

THE REFUSAL OF CREATIVITY

POLITICS in the epoch of its dissolution - a negative movement which seeks the transcendence of politics in historical society where the present has yet to be lived - is simultaneously a politics of change and the pure extension of impossible change. The more grandiose its reach, the more its true realisation is beyond it. Such politics are forcibly in the 'vanguard', and 'are not'. The vanguard being their disappearance.

As the final integration of the Situationist project into consumer society (punk rock) proved, dissatisfaction itself became a commodity as soon as economic abundance was able to extend its production to the treatment of such a raw material.

It is now apparent that Debord constructed his occult (situationist) international from dreams of becoming an unseen power directing the popular storm. A power all the more effective for being without badge, flag, or official right. A dictatorship whose strength was drawn from abandoning the characteristic appearances of power within the reigning society.

It was from such dreams of power (the powerful dreams of an activist) that the Situationist International (SI) derived its theoretical reverence towards creativity, imagination, and desire. Indeed such was the level of idealisation within the SI, these attributes became a prerequisite for participation in the Situationist programme. Thus rather than refusing a role in the global network of mediations, the SI acted as the avant garde in the process of colonisation.

Where the SI (like all recuperators) failed, was in attempting to process the negative energy of those who refuse to participate. Inactivity has proved to be immune from commodification. While capital is past master at recuperating activities directed 'against' its 'logic', it is helpless in the face of those who refuse to do anything.

Indeed the negative power of the mass, of their slack, of the refusal of creativity, threatens to pull down the moralisms on which all separations are built. This heralds not just the end of politics, art, and philosophy, but everyday life as we know it. In a world without time, daily life will be dissolved by the present.

ARTISTS' PLACEMENT AND THE END OF ART

'Artists' Placement is intended to serve Art rather than to provide a service for artists.'

Barbara Steveni 'Will Art Influence History?' (In 'AND Journal of Art' No. 9).

In the same article from which the preceding quote is extracted, Steveni elaborates that the 'APG (Artists Placement Group) was never created as an agency to help artists find employment, or to create new forms of support for artists. APG is a means of generating change through the media of art rather than through verbal proceedings only, in the context of organisation.' Thus the APG seeks to propagate the concept of the placement of artists in government and industry. The 'placed artists' is to play the role of 'incidental person' and carry an open brief.

Such aims are at best reformist. For those who do not adhere to a 'revolutionary perspective' the idea of placing 'incidental persons' in government and industry might appear 'radical' if the concept were removed from the conservative framework within which the APG attempted to contain it.

However, close examination of the APG's theory shows that in terms of its actual practice, the propagation of the concept of artists as 'incidental persons', is only a second order activity. Its first priority is clearly the maintenance of a belief in 'Art', and the role of the artist, in a society where such mystifications are increasingly viewed as irrelevant, not only by the general population, but also by those whose system 'Art' once helped to maintain.

In effect, the APG is calling for the utilisation of specialists (artists) in a non-specialist role (the 'incidental person'). Thus the APG hope to centre for themselves (artists) a preserve as professional non-specialists, while excluding ordinary workers and the unemployed from fulfilling any 'incidental' function.

The APG are a professional self-interest group. Like all artists they stand in opposition to the aims and aspirations of the impossible class.

6 OF 666 FROM THE APOCALYPTIC CHURCH OF BOB

- 1) The body is our only temple.
- 2) Worship consists of any organic or penetrative function.
- 3) Art is stupid enough to get married can find redemption in adultery.
- 4) Bobman is to be celebrated every March 24th.
- 5) Since all things come from Bob, we too are Bob.
- 6) The coming nuclear holocaust is a necessary part of the evolutionary process.

FROM RUINS IN ART TO ART IN RUINS

- 1) With the exception of the human figure, the 'ruin' has been the dom-

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inant motif in western art since the romantic era. 'Vowies and Banks (Art in Ruins) have taken this motif and re-applied it to art.

2) Such activity is intended to deconstruct dialectic, art, and nature, revealing their common origin in the mind of (wo)man. Art in Ruins have always spawned spurious oppositions between 'nature' mother and urban 'man'. The use of straw in their city-scape installations is just one example of this.

3) The relationship between 'art' and 'ruins' is ambiguous. Decomposition is both the result of commodification, and necessary for the invention of the (art) market. Rather than offering moral judgement, Vowies and Banks prefer to engage in a nihilistic deconstruction.

4) 1986 saw the introduction of colour to the previously black and white world of Art in Ruins. Perhaps the most influential factor in this change of direction was their being signed up by Gimpel Fils Gallery. International promotion with a full colour catalogue was being planned for the following year. The plundering and reinvention of sixties radicalism (Fluxus, Metzger's Auto-Destruction, Situationist theory) was over. Instead we find the dayglow colours of Chernobyl full-out and an interest in marketable nouveaux realisme. If the presentation of a world caught up in moral panic (over radiation, AIDS, and world terrorism) is subjective, it is also ironically distanced. It is a sign of the times that 'moralists' condemn such a response as being in some way 'inappropriate'.

DESTRUCTION IN ART/DESTRUCTION OF ART

"The catalytic increase in world destructive potential since 1945 is inextricably linked with the most disturbing tendencies in modern art, and the proliferation of programmes of research into aggression and destruction in society."

Opening statement of 'Destruction In Art Symposium' Press Release (London, May 1966).

In his famous lecture to the Architectural Association, Gustav Metzger traced the origins of destruction in twentieth-century art back to Futurism and Dada. However, Metzger's ideas were more extreme and broader ranging than even these historical precedents imply. In 1970 he was London organiser of the 'International Coalition For The Liquidation Of Art'. By 1974 he was proposing that 'artists acting individually or in para-military units' should 'shoot art dealers, museum officials, and art critics'. Metzger was a founder member of the Committee of the Unplanned, an underground group of artists who used to project light projections for The Cream, The Who, and The Move, and most important of all, organised the 1966 'Destruction In Art Symposium' (DIAS) London. The extent of Metzger's interests are demonstrated by his consideration of the title 'Destruction In Art, Life, and Science, Symposium' for what eventually became the DIAS event.

Metzger's work was based on the premise that a society which is socially sick demands an art that is aesthetically sick. This idea found elaboration in the writing of a number of 'radical' theorists during the sixties. Raoul Vanegas is categorical about this in his book 'The Revolution Of Everyday Life': "Unpleasant art only reflects the repression of pleasure instituted by Power." Today one does not need to be an 'advanced' theoretician to see the flaws in Vanegas's premise. Over the past two decades it has become clear that abstract concepts such as 'pleasure' serve Power at mechanisms of repression. What is surprising is the extent to which such realisations were already embedded in Metzger's practice prior to their theoretical elaboration by the PRAXIS group.

Although Metzger's relationship with the Fluxus group was strained following events at the 'Festival Of Mistifs' in October '62, there can be no doubt that he must be placed within the Fluxist tendency when generalisations are to be made about those whose practice went beyond the 'radical theories' of militant groups such as the Situationist International (SI). The relationship between Fluxus and Situationism is similar to that between Dada and Surrealism: that is to say that while the SI (like the Surrealists before them) clothed themselves with the appearance of radicalism, they remained willfully blind to the negative practice of Dada/Fluxus.

While the SI were ultimately agents of bourgeois recuperation, its theorists (such as Vanegas) did at least have the wit to understand that: "The only modern phenomena comparable to Dada are the most savage outbreaks of juvenile delinquency." Despite such theoretical 'insight' the SI was unwilling (or incapable) of directing destruction against the reigning conditions of life. Instead these latter-day 'theorists in revolt' preferred to spout pomposities about their role in the 'revolutionary' vanguard.

As a result of using blood and entrails in their 'performance rituals' the 'Vienna Institute For Direct Art' became the most famous group using destruction as an element in their work. However, despite the 'appearance' of 'extremism', such 'akuhans' were too conservative for the needs

of the reigning society. When asked about Schwarzkogler's mythic self-mutilation, his friend Nitsch responded: "This is complete nonsense. His works were exhibited at the Documenta Kassel in 1972 and a female Journalist wrote in TIME of LIFE that he had cut off his penis in slices. People always project into their unmastered thoughts, they are much more radical than we have ever been."

The 'deadly' case of access to information about Schwarzkogler (he committed suicide by jumping from a window) references to his fictional 'self-castration' as a work of art still abound in standard reference books.

For example, John A. Walker in 'Art Since Pop' states: "The Austrians feel that representing reality via a medium is no longer meaningful and feel that the central ideas behind their rituals is 'material action', that is, using reality itself as a means of formal creation.....The deadly seriousness of their aesthetic is indicated by the fact that Schwarzkogler (1940 - 69) killed himself in the name of art by successive acts of self-mutilation."

Like the Viennese artists, John Latham is another individual whose use of destruction fell far short of Metzger's unfashionably subversive practice. While Latham's assault on the book as a symbol of authority contained radical import, his theoretical base proved downright reactionary. Latham's assertion of the superiority of art over science is calculated to raise the standing of art as a profession. While his activity with the 'Artists' Placement Group' serves to protect the interests of artists (as a professional group of non-specialists) against encroachments from outside this sphere.

Chris Burden's performance "SHOOT" (19/11/71, F Space, Santa Ana, California, USA) best represents the reactionary use of destruction by career artists promoting an individualist ethic. The event consisted of Burden being shot in the arm with a bullet from a copper jacketed 22 long rifle, at a distance of twelve feet. The difference between the spectacle of destruction, and destruction of the spectacle, is fundamental.

By contrast, Metzger was someone capable of carrying through activities which radical theorists (such as Raoul Vanegas) could not even fully articulate. In "Revolution Of Everyday Life" Vanegas states: "...those who reject all roles....who develop a theory and practice of this refusal. From such maladjustment to spectacular society a new poetry of real experience and a reinvention of life are bound to spring." Despite such sentiments Vanegas himself was never able to abandon the role of revolutionary militant. Metzger, however, did come up with a means of rejecting his role as an artist. In 1974 he issued a call for a three year 'Art Strike' to take place in the years 1977 to 1980. In the event Metzger proved to be the only 'artist' radical enough to reject the role which perpetuated his own oppression. Rumours, originating from a Yugoslavian source, have been circulating about an artists' strike having taken place in Eastern Europe. We have been unable to locate any concrete data verifying this.

The PRAXIS group revived Metzger's strike idea in 1985. Since then they have been calling on all artists to cease creative activities between 1990 and 1993. In 1986 PRAXIS expanded this proposal into a more generalized 'Refusal Of Creativity'. The new proposal covered all forms of activism, whether 'political', 'artistic', 'scientific', 'philosophic' etc.

PRAXIS is a post-activist group aiming to destroy Capital through the rejection of identity and the abandonment of all activities from which personalities are constructed. They hope you will join them in their Refusal Of Creativity.

MULTIPLE NAMES

History

"We are the White Colours, Slaves of Freedom, Second Coming, Babes On Acid, Flame Thrower Boys, Hip Troup, Jack Off Club, Flat Cap Conspiracy. We refuse to be limited to one name. We are names and all things. We encourage other pop ensembles to use these names. We want to see a thousand ensembles with the same name. No one owns names. They exist for all to use." Stewart Home "Towards Nothing" (Manifesto/Hyer) 1982.

"Since the discovery that Oslo Kalundburg, the radio station, is an anagram of Klaus Oldenburg, it has become one of BLITZINFORMATION's foremost projects to change everyone's name to Klaus Oldenburg. WE THEREFORE INVITE YOU TO BECOME KLAOS OLDANBURG."

Stefan Kukowski and Adam Czaromski "Klaus Oldanburghip" 1975.

"From today you will be President of the Christ Society Ltd, and recruit members. You must convince everyone that they too can be Christ, if they wish to be, on payment of fifty marks to your society." Raoul Hausmann "Courier Dada" 1920.

HAUSMANN's remarks place him at a pivotal point in the greatest of the suppressed Western traditions. For nearly two millennia assorted 'myths' have claimed to be Christ. These include the 'historical' Christ

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whose claim (related in the 'Holy Bible'), of genetic descent from 'God', is not necessarily to be taken literally. Although the custom of claiming to be the (or a) divine being predates the Jewish tradition, it was not until the emergence of the Free Spirit heresy in the eleventh-century that 'Christian' mystics began to refer to the Trinity in terms of a multiple name concept. These assertions of Godhood were of a different order to those of earlier heretics who had claimed to be the sole earthly incarnation of God or Christ. Influenced by Neo-Platonic philosophy, adherents to the Free Spirit proclaimed that all (wo)men were potentially God and that this single identity had already been realised by many adepts. The argument ran that since "all things are One, because whatever is in God" all (wo)men became God upon making this realisation. Many of the cult claimed that "each one of them was Christ and the Holy Spirit" because the miracle of the Incarnation was being repeated in everyone.

Despite persecution the Free Spirit heretics remained a living tradition for over 600 years. Their uses of the Trinity as a multiple name concept appears for the final time in the literature of the Ranters, a rebellious sect that flourished in seventeenth-century England. The bourgeois era was marked by the supercession of religion by science and art. Doctors, rather than inquisitors, assumed responsibility for the persecution of these engaged in the use of multiple identities. Christ remained a central concept in these activities, but at times his popularity was surpassed by luminaries such as Louis XIV and Napoleon. Armed with the category of 'lunacy' the psychologist was better able to suppress multiple name concepts than his precursor the priest. However, not even these latter-day methods were able to eradicate spontaneous (or even organised) refusals of identity.

With Hausmann, the multiple name once more emerged from the subterranean depths to which it had been excluded by the histories of 'great men'. We have been unable to trace any evidence of the use of multiple identities between Hausmann's proposals of 1920 and the re-emergence of their use among correspondence artists in the 1970's.

It is not surprising that Stefan Kukowski and Adam Czaromski should have been the first mail artists to initiate a multiple name project. They had participated in a late manifestation of Fluxus (David Mayor's Flux-shoe). It had been through the Fluxus movement that they had assimilated the heretics of Dada. Through a postal campaign, Kukowski and Czaromski (working as Blitzinformation) persuaded a number of people to adopt the name Klaus Oldanburghip. Unfortunately we have been unable to obtain enough data on 'Klaus Oldanburghip' to make an evaluation of the project.

In 1977 another correspondence artist, David Zack, initiated a multiple name project. He 'invented' the tag Monty Cantain and wrote to various 'individuals' asking them to use it. The name did not gain widespread use until the mid-eighties. For five years (1979 - 83) it was the exclusive 'property' of a performance 'artist'. As a result many people identified it with 'The Blood Campaign', a lurid invention of Steve Parson's 'Intravenous Lecture' of a decade earlier. However, by the time of the '64th Neist Apartment Festival' in Berlin (December 1st - 7th 1986), documentation was being produced listing the addresses of 99 'individuals' using the Monty Cantain identity. The perpetrator of 'The Blood Campaign' and his work, disappeared without trace, and the Monty Cantain context needed no more than the elaboration of a theoretical base to enable it to function effectively.

During the eighties other multiple name projects were initiated. Some independently, and some in conjunction, with those already mentioned. In 1982 Stewart Home (an English punk musician going through an acid phase) proposed that all rock groups should be called White Colours. In 1984, again in England, it was proposed that all magazines should be called 'Smile'. 'Smile' magazines are now being produced in many European and North American cities. The Karen Elliot multiple name was launched in the summer of 1985. It was born of a dissatisfaction with the way certain individuals using the Monty Cantain tag were actively preventing the development of an experimental base for the context. At the same time a group of individuals in Boston (USA) were, independently, initiating the Bob Jones multiple name project.

Methodology

The name Karen Elliot was launched through written, spoken, and visual, 'propaganda'. The concept of multiple identity was debated with anyone willing to discuss it. Polemics were issued encouraging interested parties to undertake projects using the name Karen Elliot.

The aim of the project was to examine the parameters of 'individuality' and the 'personality'. The methods of research were constantly modified in line with the results of experimental activity. The contexts in which the Karen Elliot name had been used were critically examined, and altered, in line with results. The epistemological base of the project rested on the idea of a 'totality' of 'being' and 'experience'. This was opposed to the separated categories of differentiation, which were viewed as social constructions developed to aid human survival but which no longer served any purpose.

A Summary Of The Results

The first major problem we faced during the course of the multiple name experiment was that of avoiding the over-identification of the context with one or more individuals. Indeed so great was the problem, we were forced to issue a leaflet to counter this tendency. Part of the leaflet read as follows: "Anyone can become Karen Elliot simply by adopting this name, but they are only Karen Elliot for the period in which they adopt the name.....When one becomes Karen Elliot one's previous existence consists of the acts other people have undertaken using the name.....When replying to letters generated by an action/text in which the context has been used, it makes sense to continue using that context, is by replying as Karen Elliot. However, in personal relationships, where one has a personal history other than the acts undertaken by a series of people using the name Karen Elliot, it does not make sense to use the context. If one uses the context in personal life there is a danger that the name Karen Elliot will become over identified with individual human beings."

It took a year of experimentation to establish the clear theoretical base elaborated in the leaflet from which the preceding sentences are extracted. Since the concept of property requires the establishment of unique identities, investigating the construction of identity from within a capitalist society required the overcoming of an enormous amount of conditioning. This difficulty is reflected in the slow pace with which the research has progressed. And progress was often indicated by modifications in the way the experiment was conducted, rather than with 'concrete' answers to specific questions concerning the nature of identity.

The experimental base we established (in which the 'personalities' of the participants were retained outside the multiple name context) may 'appear' less 'radical' than a total subsumption of identity within the context, but it reflects a realistic approach to the dismantling of character armour within the context of a capitalist society. Indeed, while it may not be possible to fully realise this deconstruction until the capitalist system has been abolished, such a realisation is central to the abolition of Capital.

One of the most recent shifts in the use of the multiple name context has been a concerted attempt to get the Karen Elliot name used outside cultural contexts. However, while the use of such a name has obvious applications in subversive and criminal pursuits, the very nature of these applications means that they are better left undocumented. Another recent innovation has been the use of several multiple names (such as Klaus Oldanburgh, Karen Elliot, and Bob Jones) by an individual researcher. This has obvious advantages in discouraging the over identification of a particular context with a given 'individual'.

An Incomplete Karen Elliot Curriculum Vitae

Artists Strike leaflet - London, England, September 1985.

Smile issue 8 (magazine) - London, England, November 1985.

Smile (unnumbered magazine) - Hampton, England, November 1985.

Karen Elliot Family (print) - Aard Press, London, England, December 1985.

Untitled cartoon on Spectacle - Punk Comix 31, Aard Press, London, England, 1985.

I Am A Twentieth Century Artist (group show) - Anteville, France, February 1986.

PRAXIS Performance (live event) - Mass. College of Art, Boston, USA, 21/2/86.

Letter in "60" (booklet) - AA Press, London, England, April 1986.

"Thees on Mail Art" and "Artists Strike" - in Smile 4 (magazine) Minden, W. Germany, April 1986.

The Business Of Desire (group show) - DIY Gallery, Elephant and Castle, London, England, May 1986.

Multichannel Group Installation - Mass. College of Art, Boston, USA, May 1986.

News Fair In Love and Anti-Specdesim - Punk Comix 32, Aard Press, London, England, May 1986.

Orientation For The Use Of A Context (leaflet) - London, England, July 1986.

Letter in Smile Vol 63 (magazine) - Berlin, W. Germany, July 1986.



SAY NO TO DEMOCRACY

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Brodie there were hints of a large political donation, as well as a commission to the Atismagic for a series of paintings to be used on sweat sweaters.

Adam was considerably older than the usual objects of Sir John's attention. However it was clear from the outset that Adam excited the elderly patron of the arts. Rather than getting down to business, Sir John drank like a fury. Eventually the aged pervert voiced the words he'd been wanting to speak since he first flipped his eyes on Adam.

"Let me play with your dick," the old man blurted.

Adam stood over Sir John, allowing the trembling Englishman to undo his flies.

"What a hunk of meat!" the senile sex-maniac exclaimed as he took out Adam's love muscle.

"Why, it's big enough to rupture my arse!"

"Put it in your mouth," his partner instructed.

The scumbag obeyed. His toothless sucking activated the genetic impulse buried deep within Adam's brain. White sperm exploded in the ancient orifice. Adam removed his shaft from between the old man's lips. Sank down onto his knees. Pulled out his playmate's wrinkled tool. He placed its peevish pectinetics in his mouth. Bit it clean through in one savage bite. Sir John screamed in agony. Reeled backwards. Adam stood up and spat out the bloody stump of flesh that had once been a penis. He knew it was only a matter of minutes before the old codger snuffed it. He went into the bastard's bum while the going was still good.

Adam went into bathroom and washed himself down. Drank a coffee in the kitchen. Went over the flat. Lifted two grand cash and some expensive jewelry from a safe, along with documents detailing Sir John's illicit arms dealing activity. The documents prodded Adam into making a second, more thorough, search. Beneath a bedroom carpet he uncovered a hidden safe. Inside were six granades, ten pistols, thirty rounds of ammunition, the parts to make up three rifles. Adam was well pleased with himself. He held in his hands merchandise that would enable him to go into the arms dealing business.

ADAM was woken by the sound of Dan Linford going into his office. Dan was deputy leader of the "Capitalists Workers' Movement". Adam had returned to his party headquarters to stash his haul of the previous night. He'd sat down to read Sir John's documents and fallen asleep in his chair. Adam called Dan in, ordered him to go and buy a copy of "City Limits". Adam went through the "Left Prop" section. Listed in his diary the forth-coming meetings of ultra-left groups. Perused the documents he'd started on before falling asleep. Then leaped through some pulps. H. P. Lovecraft. Sax Rohmer. Mickey Spillane. At ten he went through the mail with Dan. There was a usual mixture of enemas, donations, some coded messages about porn and smack, and operations. But one piece was well out of place. It was a letter from Tunnel Vision Thompson giving four weeks notice of his resignation. Adam decided to take some action. And fast. He got a syringe and some smack from the safe. Loaded his 45 and walked out.

He found Thompson manning the desk at the Atismagic. There was no-one else around. Adam pulled the bastard into the back office.

"I hear you wanna leave. Adam intoned blandly as he landed a savage jab in Bobby's stomach. He felt the jar travel up his arm. Thompson doubled up.

"Nobody walks out on me, nobody!" Adam screamed as his boot thudded into the bastard's groin.

Tunnel Vision didn't know if he was having a shit, or a shampoo, as his boss kicked him into the following week. Adam called up a couple of trusted side-kicks and ordered them down to the gallery. While he was waiting he administered Thompson with a healthy dose of skag. His accomplices were told to take Tunnel Vision back to the Whitechapel HQ. Where the bastard was held, and shot up, until he formed a habit. Adam took a tube to the Dilly. Before he'd had the chance to offer some junkie a connection, a beer boy crept up to him.

"Looking to deal some shit?" the cretin seemed to imagine Adam had been born yesterday.

"Right be."

"Follow me. I'll show you some good deals." the beer boy had death written all over him.

"What's in it for you?"

"A ten per cent on Reg. If you think any of the deals are worth taking."

Adam's face was a mask of indifference as he followed the beer boy into a building on Regent Street. They got into a lift. The beer boy pushed the top floor button. As he did so Adam smashed the butt of his 45 into the bastard's head. The scumbag went down and stayed down. Adam wiped the blood from his gun butt. The lift door opened. Adam stepped into a hallway, pulled the beer boy behind him. He opened a broom cupboard and heaved the body into it.

There were only two companies on the top floor. Adam put the silence onto his gun. He advanced on the door marked "Triangle Commodities".

Five slipped the handle. Inside four beer boys were engrossed in a game of fives. "The arseholes were sitting so close together that Adam had to pump his fist, rattling the pack of them, without a single shot being fired in retaliation.

Adam walked through to the back office. Inside the boss was getting

blown by his secretary. A slug sliced through the tyrist's brain. The bastard who'd been getting the oral screamed in agony as she slumped across the floor. Adam jumped over the desk and planted a boot in the bimbo's face. There was the satisfying crunch of splintering bone as the porky gangster fell out of his chair. Adam shoved his gun against the scumbag's temple. Watched as he spat out gouts of blood and the occasional piece of broken tooth.

"O.K. bastard, what's your game?" he demanded.

The bimbo was too busy choking on his own blood to give a coherent reply. So Adam demonstrated his contempt by making the bastard eat leaden death.

A quick search of the office uncovered a few hundred grands worth of gear. Along with this Adam lifted a file of useful addresses. He phoned up his boys and arranged to meet one of them in a Soho cafe. Once his haul was in the hands of a trusted die-kick, Adam headed back to the Dilly. It didn't take long to pick up a junkie. The pair headed back to the skag-bag's dive on Old Compton Street. Boot kissing, and a shrimp job, followed. Adam was no foot fetishist. He simply derived pleasure from the humiliation of his partner. He sat on the junkie's face, and farted. He bound the bastard. Rubbed gear into his arse. The junkie was so keen to get at the skag, he gave the best rim job Adam had ever had.

"That was pretty good, kid." Adam enthused as he untied the wretch-est bastard. "If you fuck me hard up the arse I'll give you a couple of bags as a goodbye present."

It was pathetic the way the junkie fingered himself in a desperate attempt to get a hard on. He just couldn't do it. Shooting dope had reduced the kid's sex drive.

"Guess you can't do it," Adam spat as he got up.

"No, no, don't go!" the kid protested. "Just give me a few more minutes."

"O.K. But I'm a busy man. If you're fucking me around. If you can't get it up, I'll blow your brains out."

Adam shoved his gut into the skag-bag's mush. Consulted his watch. The junkie massaged his love muscle without visible effect.

"Four minutes," Adam intoned.

The massaging became more frantic.

"Three minutes, son."

The boy's hand moved wildly. But without effect.

"Time's up!" Adam announced squeezing the trigger on his gun. The junkie slumped. His limp dick still clutched in his hand.

ADAM found the Metropolitan easily enough. Had a couple of drinks. Saw that pretty people were following upstairs. Followed them. Most of the fifteen people in the hire room seemed to know each other. The "Workers' Council Movement" didn't attract widespread public support. The theme for discussion that evening was announced as "Workers' Councils - Unitary Form of Organisation of the Proletariat in Class Struggle and Revolutionary Preparation". The ensuing three hours of discussion was dominated by two older men. Both were what Adam was looking for. Both were seriously into carrying out violent attacks on the state. Both were potential red terrorists. Both might want to buy arms.

Adam didn't hang about. When the meeting ended he propositioned Dave Miller, the better looking of the two men who'd dominated the talk. Miller, a self-confessed polymorphous pervert, took Adam up on his offer. They made their way back to Miller's Paddington flat in a clapped-out mini-van. Gulped down several handfuls of quick acting smack. This was followed by a late supper of beans on toast, washed down with special-brew lager. The bedroom was completely black, with vinyl wallpaper, a rubber carpet, and latex sheets on the bed. The perverts stripped off. Miller broke wind. A real stinker. Adam picked up a tube of KY and rubbed the jelly into Dave's arse. Seconds later he was battering into the crepe tissue of the cannibal's sphincter.

The coupling reached first climax. Adam shot off a sticky wad of liquid genetics. For a few seconds the two bodies seemed to melt, the rubber sheets being the only thing that prevented the heat from escaping. Adam got off the bed. Stood with his cock poised over Miller. Waited for nature to perform one of its small wonders. He sprayed urine over the cannibalist's body. His partner amused himself by trying to catch the sweet sewer wine in his mouth. This fortified, Miller crouched on all fours, and bade Adam shove a clenched fist up his arse. Adam pushed down on Miller's shoulders, so that his partner's arse was pushed up into the air. He clenched his fist and drove it into the rim of dark pleasures. The cannibalist let out a great scream of ecstasy. He'd obviously undergone such treatment a number of times. His anus was well stretched. Adam removed his fist. His partner collapsed on the bed.

Once he'd recovered, Miller got a razor, a bowl of water, and some shaving foam. The polymorph took it in turns to wash each other's body hair. They started with their pubes. Moved onto underarm growth. Then chests and stomachs. They finished up by shaving their legs. Thus denuded the perverts felt ready for the evening's main action. While they were waiting for the skin to hit the fan, Miller sucked Adam's cock deep into his throat. Adam could feel the pressure mounting in his groin. He shot off a great wad of liquid genetics and his DNA code switched back onto manual.

The pair of perverts lay arm in arm between the latex sheets. Adam was the first to slit himself. A brown liquid mess brought on by the laxatives. The shit seemed to have been wasted down in his stomach. The polymorphs rubbed the dark fragrance over their smooth, hairless, skin. Adam jerked Dave off and the semen was added to the fifth caking their bodies. Adam sat himself again. Dave added his own contribution. In no time at all, the pair were awash in a sea of diarrhoea.

The sweet smell of the sewers washed through Adam's dreams. By the next morning the odour permeated the entire flat. Adam fucked Dave hard up the arse. As he did so, caked excrement fell from their skin.

Breakfast was eggs and strong coffee. Adam used this social occasion to bring up the subject of violence.

"Well, what about it Dave?" he concluded. "Do you wanna buy some granades?"

"I'd love to, son," the older man replied. "But I don't have the means."

"No problem!" Adam retorted. "You can nick the money."

"How?" Miller wanted to know.

"Easy," the smack peddler replied. "Do over a few supermarkets."

"I don't know how."

"Look," Adam persisted. "It's no problem. We could go and do one now. You'll soon get the hang of it."

"You'll show me?" the revolutionary was suspicious.

"Sure."

"What do you get?"

"I get to keep the money from the job we buy together," Adam replied.

"For showing you how it's done. You do my granades when you've done a few jobs of your own."

The pair of perverts headed for Hounslow in Miller's mini-van. They parked on a side-street. Nicked a MK III Cortina. Dave kept the engine running while Adam was inside the store. Adam shot dead the guy on the till. A woman came running out from the back of the mini-mart. Adam shot her too. He went out with "No Sale". Pulled money from the cash register. A fifty. A few twenties. Plenty of tens and fives.

Dave put his foot on the accelerator. They dumped the cortina a few minutes later. Got into Miller's mini-van and drove back to Paddington. Adam arranged to meet the cannibalist the following week, to negotiate an arms deal.

MILLER bought all the arms Adam had stolen from Sir John. Adam followed up the contacts in the documents he'd nicked and was soon able to meet Dave's new orders. The right-wingers Adam was buying from would have been after blood if they'd known he was acting as middle-man to a communist cook.

Adam had been an arms merchant for fifteen months when his suppliers suddenly refused to meet an order. Two days later he received a warning from Miller that Pillar 69 were wanting his guts. Adam laid out five grand to buy all the information he could get on this obscure fascist group. It's leader turned out to be Lord Justice Portson, a highly respected neo-nazi who had been a close friend of the late Sir John Cassland-Brodie.

Adam called together the five hardest members of his organisation. Ordered them to launch an assault on Portson's Hampstead home. The attack was planned for 8.45 on a quarterly meeting.

Adam's men were armed with machine guns. They blasted leaden death into everything that moved. Ontop of Portson and his men, the commands killed four alsatians, three cats, and a goldfish.

Adam retrieved the weapons from his troops, when they returned to their party headquarters. He led them down into the cellar where he shot them. Adam went upstairs and found Dan Linford. He smashed his fist into the bastard's mouth. There was the satisfying crunch of splintering bone as Linford fell back against the far wall. Then slumped to the ground, spitting out gouts of blood and the occasional piece of broken tooth. Adam tore down the bimbo's trousers. Knotted the bastard's genitalia.

He was the only thing that prevented the heat from escaping the semi-conscious man's mouth. Poured down several buckets of water.

Adam jumped some buses. Focused himself in Hoxtonton. He walked into Hackney Hospital. Pulled out his 45 and stuck it in a patients' mouth.

"I'm gonna blow you away, shitbag!" Adam informed the quaking invalid.

He made the bastard sweat it out for a minute before squeezing the trigger. As his victim slumped, Adam shot randomly at other patients.

"Eat lead, you scum!" he screamed as he blasted the bastards with his 45.

In an adjacent ward, Bridget Sky sat on her bedpan and fumed. She'd been brought to the hospital a month ago with two broken legs. She was only twenty-five, but they'd stuck her in a ward with a load of old ladies.

The best company she had was a semi-conscious man. She looked at the screen of her portable tv. Flashed.

"Christ!" she swore as Adam ran into the ward. "Can't I have any

peace?"

Adam blasted out a volley of death. A stray bullet ripped through the curtains drawn around Bridget's bed, and sliced through her inflatable parrot.

"You fucking bastard!" Bridget screamed drawing back her curtains. She picked up her bedpan and threw it at Adam, hitting him smack in the face. He staggered backwards, and fell, hitting the crown of his head. An old bimbo, supported on a walking frame, made her way towards the concussed synchman. She bent very slowly and picked up Adam's 45. Rested her arms on the walking frame. Aimed. Adam's brains splattered across the floor.

STRAIGHT

SOME bastard was banging on the front door. Virginia Box's mood was as black as Hitler's heart. The scumbag knocked again. Not realising that every rap brought him minutes closer to death. Virginia had ignored the noise for several minutes. Now it was getting on her nerves. She unbuttoned her dressing gown and poked out the door.

"Hello," Alan Browne mumbled, somewhat startled at Virginia's state of undress.

Ginny stared at the 106 bus as it trundled along Manor Road.

"The housing co-op sent me round." Alan's attempt at communication might have been more successful if he'd been looking Virginia in the face. "They said you had a space."

"It's my right now," Virginia spat the words as though her mouth was a machine gun from which a crazed commando was emptying leaden death.

"Can I come back and see the room some other time?" Alan persisted.

"I suppose you can take a look now." Virginia's face was a mask of indifference.

"I'm Alan," the creep informed her pushing his way into the hall.

"I'm Linda Lovelace." Virginia cupped her hand into Alan's groin.

"But I suppose you'll be wanting a cup of tea and a look at the house before we get down to basics."

"Yes," the creep replied.

Ginny boiled some water in a pan. Put tea in a pot. Used a saucer as a lid. Two cats slinked in from the garden. The tabby jumped onto Alan's lap.

"What's its name?" Alan asked.

"They don't have names." Ginny replied. "They're just the cats. I thought of a name for each of them once. I've forgotten it now."

Ginny poured tea into a cup that hadn't been washed for three months. Handed the scalding brew to Alan.

"There's no milk or sugar," Ginny spoke in a flat, even, tone.

Alan drank down a mouthful of the fluid. It tasted bitter. Tea leaves caught in his throat. He coughed.

Virginia slumped in a chair. Spread her legs. Fingered her love button. The black cat pised into Alan's tea.

Virginia moaned lightly. Her genetic mystery juiced up. Alan swallowed another mouthful of tea. Tried to stare into space but

Alan's head gave down to Virginia. The DNA code buried deep inside his brain switched onto auto. Conscious thought was drowned out by the upward wellings of his evolutionary drive.

"Lick up my sex juice!" Ginny commanded.

When Alan moved towards Virginia, she pushed him away.

"I'm bring ruin. You'll be wanting to look at the house before we plumb the sticky depths of ecstasy."

Ginny led Alan upstairs.

"This is the toilet. It doesn't work."

The first room she showed him was fire damaged. Half the floor boards were burnt away.

"This room is vacant. It needs a little work done on it. I had a bonfire in here last winter."

The room at the front was filled with junk.

"This is the spare room. I won't do any more than open the door. It's very difficult to get inside. That's your choice. One of these rooms. But come up to the next floor. I'll show you my studio."

The studio was a spacious front room. Against the far wall finished canvases were piled metre deep. They were all variations on a single theme. Very small dots painted in bands of varying intensity.

"Some people might say you were dotty!" Alan joked.

Virginia lashed out with her fist and heard the satisfying crunch of splintering bone as her knuckles connected with Alan's mouth.

The bastard staggered backwards. Hit the wall. Slid to the floor spitting out gouts of blood and the occasional piece of broken tooth. The creep gurgled, almost choked, on his own blood. Virginia squatted over the portraite figure. Pissed in its face. Alan came round. Ginny pulled him to his feet.

"Don't ever make another joke about my work," she warned him.

Then pulled the dazed bastard into her bedroom. He lolled on the bed. Ginny put in her 'special' cap. Alan focussed his eyes and real-

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led his clothes were being pulled off.
"Feeling well enough for a quick squirt?" Virginia enquired.
Alan nodded. He fingered his pea-sized patheticness into an erection.
pulled a condom off the litter strewn floor. Rolled the latex down his very short length.
Virginia mounted her victim. Guided his plunker into her maidenhood.
Alan wriggled beneath her, moaning lightly as his shaft eased into the site of her mystery. Ginny rocked wildly. Head thrown back. Mouth open. Alan's moans became a scream of agony, as his underdressed endowment hit the blade embedded in Ginny's 'special' cap. Virginia let out a peal of laughter as she looked down and saw Alan's blood pouring from her love hole.
"So long, motherfucker!" she screamed at the man dying beneath her. Alan's short length went flaccid from blood loss. Virginia dismounted. She dragged the body downstairs and dumped it in the cellar with all the others.

KEN Knobb hadn't thought twice about blowing his return fare to Preston on a steamy sex session with a Soho prostitute. Wendy had picked him up on Greek Street and demanded thirty knicker for the favour.

Knobb had followed her back to a one room bedsit in Rupert Street. He'd handed over the money without a murmur.
Wendy stripped off. Knobb followed suit. They got onto a mattress. When Knobb tried to kiss his partner she pushed him away.

"You've paid to do whatever you like between my knee-cap and navel. A blowjob is £15 extra. Kissing is not allowed."

Wendy slipped a condom over Knobb's knob. Guided him into her mystery. Wendy was well versed in the mathematics of human anatomy. Was an expert at making clients come quickly. Knobb's genetic wealth splattered into the confinement of the sheaf. He felt chastened. A precious batch of his DNA had been wasted on this woman of ill repute. Wendy rolled down underneath Knobb. Got off the mattress. Started to dress. Ken got to his feet.

"Well, is that it?" he demanded grabbing hold of Wendy and shaking her violently.

"Yeah," she replied. "What did you expect?"
"I expected the earth to move!" he screamed as he slammed a fist into Wendy's mouth. There was the satisfying crunch of splintering bone. Wendy staggered backwards spitting out gouts of blood and the occasional piece of broken tooth.

Alan could hear someone pounding up the stairs. They stopped outside Wendy's room and began pummeling on the door.

"Wendy! Wendy! Are you alright?" a woman screamed.
Ken threw his clothes on.

"Open up you bastard! I'll kill you if you've hurt my girlfriend."

Ken climbed up a drainpipe and onto the roof. He ran the length of several buildings before descending a fire escape and disappearing into the Soho crowds.

Wendy was washing out her mouth. She was well used to male violence. She'd been beaten many times by her ex-husband before turning to prostitution as a means of escape. Her girlfriend from downstairs was making tea.

"How many times do I have to tell you Wendy," Soho Sally spat as she put the lid on the pot, "there's no escape from male violence. I know you've been better off since you left Graham, but we both still have to suffer these evolutionary abortions. There's only one solution: EXTERMINATION. Death is the only cure for this blight upon womanity. This latest incident has made me resolve to do something I've been meaning to do for years. I'm gonna get a gun. Then I'm gonna go out and shoot every man I see."

Wendy spat out a mouthful of water.
"As you kill the bastards think of me."

VIRGINIA Box had a connection in the Dilly. The dealer was hot for her. She wasn't an addict. Not yet. Could have paid gold cash for the £5 bag she would use in her performance that evening. Spreading her legs to get the gear appealed, not because she was short of change, but, as a romantic ideal. She never missed an opportunity to prostitute herself for her art.

Virginia met Toni in the subway. Followed him down the escalators and onto a train. Was exactly ten paces behind him all the way to the hotel. That was the way Toni liked it. It helped bolster his belief that the latin blood coursing through his veins guaranteed genetic superiority over both the 'fair' sex, and other races.

Ginny shut the door behind her. They were alone in a white hotel room. She stripped off. Got on her knicker. This was the routine. She'd done it eight or ten times before. Toni didn't have to tell her what to do anymore.

"Genetically superior being," Virginia pleaded, "let me place that huge love muscle of yours in the womb-like confines of my mouth. I know I am unworthy. I know I am genetically inferior. I know I don't deserve to be anointed with your DNA. But you can hardly blame me for wanting this! In your generosity as a high creature, let me taste the sweetness

of your mystery!"
"O.K. bitch!" Toni spat as he got out his cock, "but you'd better blow me good!"

Virginia took Toni's pea-sized plunker in her hand. Was about to put it in her mouth when his come dribbled out prematurely. The DNA was impoverished. Fatally weakened from generations of in-breeding, which had poisoned the genetic pool.

Ginny closed her lips about Toni's tiny dick. Her partner had by this time recovered sufficiently from the ecstasies of his premature orgasm, to want to retrieve his manhood from the enclave in which he had so wantily abandoned it. Thus the sinful encounter was brought to one in particular. Or at least Virginia assumed it was no one in particular. She didn't bother looking around the room for any sign of Toni's sister. She didn't even know for certain that Toni had a sister called Mary. She had simply assumed this fact from the reference to a common father. "I know I have sinned," Toni continued. "But although I am of Adam's seed I have always striven to maintain my virginity until the day of my marriage to a good catholic girl. The whore led me astray. Tempted me with the sins of Eve. I know I let her kiss my penis. I know it was an act of gross sexual pollution. But I'm a good boy. I haven't allowed myself to be seduced into complete sexual penetration. I haven't allowed the instrument of my racial propagation to be corrupted by disease ridden sex juice. Mary! Please ask our father to forgive me!"

Toni got up. Slapped Virginia across the face.
"You must punish me, sister!"

Virginia sat on the bed. Toni fell across her knees. She raised a hand and slapped his bottom, until the soft flesh was covered with welts.

Toni got up. Pulled up his trousers. Handed Virginia a £5 bag of skag. Watched as she dressed. She walked ten paces behind Toni to reception. He handed over the room key. A porter went up, checked the room. There was no damage. Toni got back his deposit. He walked to the door, where he waited for Virginia to catch up.

"Again, in one week's time. Don't be late, where!" he spat.
Toni stepped onto the street as Soho Sally came racing round the corner brandishing a 45.

"Eat leaden death misogynist fuck!" Sally screamed as she blew away Toni's brains.

KEN Knobb stood in Tottenham Court Road tube station asking passers by for spare change. It took him fifteen minutes to scrape together the fare to Kennington.

St. Agnes Place was only a few minutes walk from the tube station. Ken had to hang back before Sue's Smith answered the door.

"Hi!" Ken's face was a mask of smiles. "Remember me?"
Sue's face was blank.

"We fucked on the beach at Blackpool the summer before last. You said I was the only man you'd ever love. I said I'd be in touch."

"I remember," Sue's voice was a monotone. "You claimed to have had a vasectomy."

"Did I...?" Ken was puzzled. Couldn't recall the facts. He'd simply pulled Sue's name out of his address book. Beyond the address and telephone number, the only personal information he had on her was a four star sexual rating, and a tick to indicate she was a soft touch.

Sue led Ken into the kitchen. Placed a steaming mug of tea between his hands.

"I tried to contact you," she seemed concerned, "but my letters were returned."

"I had to move unexpectedly," it was Ken's standard evasion.
"Bastard!" Sue swore. "I addressed a letter to the occupiers. It was a request for information about where I could get hold of you. I got a reply. It said that if you'd ever lived at the house, it must have been before the war. The present occupiers had been living there since 1946 and they'd never heard of you."

"There must have been some mistake," Ken protested.
"There was a mistake alright!" Sue screamed. "My mistake! Perhaps you'd like to meet your son?"

"The one that's upstairs!"
"Shit!" Ken realised he'd made an error of judgement imagining he could free-load off Sue's again.

Sue picked up a rolling pin and chased Ken out of the house by bating him about the head and shoulders.

VIRGINIA Box was well pleased with the turn out for her performance. One hundred and seven punters had paid money through the door to see her outrageous act. Out of this there were the guest-list VIP's who included five critics, three gallery owners, and Sir Charles Brewster of PAP (the Progressive Arts Project).

"Fantastic Ginny!" Linda Forthwright, the Earth Gallery's director, enthused. "AS £5 a head we've got in a big profit. This 'Evolutionary Campaign' of yours is a real hit! Until this evening I'd written performance off as a tax loss. This was I was forced to put on in order to get

grants. I'd never imagined it could be a money-spinner."
"Why don't we have dinner together after the show?" Virginia suggested. "We could arrange a re-booking over the meal."
"Yes, let's do that," Linda agreed. She was smart enough to recognise Virginia's flair for fast-talking, and self-promotion, as the hallmarks of a rising star.

A spotlight lit up the darkness, Virginia entered stage left.
"Tonight," Box announced. "You're going to witness a ritual. You're going to witness a stage in my addiction to heroin. As an artist I feel it's my duty to perform the role of public junkie. I see this as the most effective means of exorcising addictive needs from the collective unconsciousness. The action I am about to undertake is a public vaccination. By addicting myself publicly, I will remove the need for addiction from the general population. This is the fifth action in my performance series 'Heroin Campaign'. Already, as the number of you here tonight indicates, my fame is spreading. And the greater my fame, the greater the frequency of my performances. At the moment I am still joy-banging. But with the steadily increasing frequency of these actions I will soon be addicted. Without doubt, this 'Heroin Campaign' constitutes the most important public act phenomena of the twentieth-century. The first realisation of popular and accessible acts of auto-destruction as prophesied by Gustav Metzger, in his lecture to the Architectural Association over twenty years ago. Tonight I am performing in an art gallery, but in two years time, I will be performing in football stadiums."

As many of you know, there are numerous historical precedents for my activities. One being the work of the Fluxus group. I am basing this whole performance series on a simple Fluxus-style script. A script which is poetically composed from the most basic elements, and which anyone could easily perform. Creative input is added by each individual's interpretation of the script. The script itself runs as follows:

HEROIN ACTION

Shoot up in an art gallery
Charge money
Repeat the event.

However, in this post-modern age of ours, I feel it is necessary to counter-point this mono-causal flux-event with a neo-baroque input. I have chosen to appropriate this input from the Vienna Institute For Direct Art. Following the example of Nitsch, I will ritualistically induce a fitting atmosphere for the classical simplicity of the final action, through baroque foreplay."

Polite applause was drowned out by a medley of 'heroin hits' ranging from the obvious contributions of Lou Reed, to the more subliminal encouragements "Hey Jude", "Bridge Over Troubled Water", and "Love Missile F11". To this accompaniment, Virginia stripped.

Having attained a state of nudity, she deposited herself on the floor, and proceeded to spread her legs. She beckoned various members of the audience, being careful to pick out big name critics, gallery owners, and Sir Charles Brewster. The men lined-up for the gang bang. The Marxist critic Jack Graham was the first to plunger the depths of Ginny's mystery. He interpreted Virginia's work from a post-feminist perspective. Graham dropped his trousers and battered into the crepe tissue of Ginny's sex in a way that allowed both of them to reclaim their sexualities from a realm outside the roles and hierarchies a repressive society assigned them.

David Browne, the gallery owner came next. He shot off a load of his liquid genetics using Virginia as a simple vessel for his seed. He was interested in Art. He couldn't give a fuck about politics. Browne was followed in his manly abandonment to the pre-programmings of his DNA, by two critics and another gallery owner. Virginia had saved Sir Charles until last. The superior size of his cock allowed him to plumb the dark depths of her mystery with a greater penetration than the preceding adepts. Once he was satisfied that his monster-sized penis could take scientific enquiry no further, he shot off a great wad of liquid genetics. The experiment complete, he returned to a passive role within the audience.

"That was good!" Virginia announced, her legs still spread across the floor. "But what comes next will be better!"

An assistant handed her a smack-filled syringe. She placed the needle against her moist love hole. Ginny let out a low moan as her thumb pushed down on the plunger. The needle sank into her clitoris. She felt as if the final star had exploded, and what it had sent cascading across the universe, was now being sucked back inside the rent that had once been its core.

Linda Forthright stepped onto the stage and announced that anyone who wanted to bang Virginia could now do so, upon payment of fifty pounds. Ginny was too smacked-up to count the number of people who took up the offer, but it seemed like most of the audience.

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My name is Knobb, Ken Knobb." Ken was introducing himself to Emma Career of the Bow Studios.

"Quite obviously, I need no introduction." Emma replied snottily.

"That's right Emma, you're famous! Creepy Ken enthused. "Everyone

knows you're the most beautiful woman in London. And that outtop of this you're a fucking genius, with a rare ability for spotting new talents such as myself."

"And just how big is your cock?" Emma enquired.
"A cool half-metre." Ken lied.

"It's the big as your mouth is will do."

The couple walked the short distance to Ms Cares's swanky Mayfair apartment. Although East End galleries were fashionably exotic, Emma wouldn't even countenance rehousing herself in that neck of the woods. Yuppies could continue moving to docklands in numbers that rivalled the gothic death drive of lemmings, but people of Emma's CLASS would always remain in the civilised West End.

Emma ordered Ken to strip. She got out a polaroid and took a couple of snaps. At the ring of a bell an assistant appeared with video equipment. Emma reclined gracefully on her water-bed.

"I want a shot of you begging to be allowed on board." she informed Ken.

"Genetically superior being," Ken pleaded, "I know I am unworthy! I know I have no right to request this in view of my puny and inferior manhood! But please grant me the pleasures of your DNA!"

"O.K. stud," Emma replied, "but you'd better fuck me good!"

Ken got up from his knees and clambered onto the bed. He put his head between Emma's thighs. His tongue lashed into her fuck-hole. She moaned lightly as million year old genetic responses took control of her body.

Ken moved himself upwards. Kissing Emma across the navel. Then about the breasts. He moved up further, inching his love muscle into the cavernous pleasures spread before him. Battered his fuck-stick through the purple passage of evolutionary control.

The two bodies heaved up towards orgasm. Seemed to melt. But the warm swirl of unitary desire was equated in the heat of climax. Orgasm over, they found themselves returned to a world of dominance and hierarchical relations.

"This is the best one yet!" the assistant screamed as Emma pushed Ken off her chest.

"Get it on!" Emma screamed back.
The trio sat transfixed as they watched a playback of the fuck action. It was even better than the first time around.

When the show was over Emma got down to business.
"I take it you're an artist?" she began.

"Yes," replied Ken. "But it is your beauty, not your position, that seduces me."

"You'll go far," Emma encouraged. "You obviously have a basic understanding of how the art world works. You've got a big dick so I'll help you out. The first thing you need is a show. Michael K. is supposed to be installing his new work in the Bow Studios next week. However, only this afternoon he was less than polite. I'll blow him out and put you on instead."

"That gives me an idea," Ken enthused. "We could do an insurance fraud, and frame Michael K. for the rap. A couple of days after my opening I'll break in and smash the place up. All the evidence will point to K. He's got a motive because his own show was blown out. I'll brag a lot of publicity, you'll get your revenge and make some money."

"I like it! I'm impressed! Now tell me how you'll get a show together in less than two weeks."

"The show will be called 'Destruction of Images/Images of Destruction'. I'll get a skip company to dump a week's worth of waste in the gallery. A kind of nouveau-nouveau revivis."

"Fine. It will do," Emma replied.

"You'll dig the performance I do at the opening," Ken continued. "It's pure Piero Manzoni. The London premier of my 'Excrement Campaign'. It's already caused a sensation on the northern club circuit."

"Tell me about it some other time," Emma interrupted. "I want to go to sleep. Just give me your address so I know where to get hold of you."

"I've not got anywhere to stop at the moment," Ken explained. "I came to London intending to go back to my parent's place in Preston, but I blew the fare. I was in the pub begging money when I spotted you. On the spur of the moment I thought I'd introduce myself, to see if I could line-up some London flats."

Emma wrote down an address and handed it to Ken. "Tell these people that I sent you, and that you're to move in."

VIRGINIA Box had an appointment to meet Sir Charles Brewster for lunch. She was ten minutes early. He was twenty minutes late. "We may as well dive in at the deep end," Sir Charles informed Virginia, as she started on the soup. "I've decided you're going to have my child. You've a strong body and artistic talent. Combining this with my intellect will create the son I've always desired."

Virginia nodded in shocked agreement. She knew what was good for her career.

"As a reward for your co-operation," Sir Charles continued, "I've arranged for you to become art historical. We're going to Filippine Fire Arts after lunch. You're to be signed by the gallery. Over the next year they'll invest a hundred thousand pounds in you. After that they'll

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invite other galleries, internationally, to invest in you. By the time the investment reaches five hundred thousand, the major museums will be forced into a position where they can't ignore you. They'll have to buy examples of your work."

"And how will this money be invested?" Virginia enquired.
"To start with, Flipper will put on an exhibition of your work. This will be in the spring. There'll be a full colour catalogue to accompany it. Flipper will pay one, or more, international critics to write about you. This writing will be put in the catalogue. Adverts will be placed with the art press. With the bigger magazines these adverts also count as credits towards running features on Flipper artists. Every artist signed to the gallery benefits from this. Without the gallery having sufficient credits, they don't stand a chance of getting covered."
"Sounds great!" Virginia enthused. "Is there anything in particular I have to do?"

"Yes," Sir Charles replied. "You have to keep your mouth shut. No one cares what you produce, as long as you run a smooth production line. But whatever you do, you must never speak about your work. Critics will be paid to interpret it. This is their speciality, so they'll do it far better than you, they'll understand how best to market it intellectually."

"When do you want me to have your child?" Virginia enquired.
"You will be impregnated in the summer. My seed is already deposited in a sperm bank. The child will be born next spring."

"I see," Virginia replied. "But I've one other question. What if I have, or should contract, AIDS?"

"There's a cure," Sir Charles reassured her. "However for the time being it's only available to those with very high connections."

"Why's that?" Virginia asked.
"It's expensive," Sir Charles explained. "And the disease has its uses. You might have noticed the hysteria that's been whipped up in the media over the virus. The government has many reasons for wanting to induce such a fear. A frightened population panics less of a threat to its leaders, particularly when they are frightened by something they don't associated with the leadership. And people who have been kept in a state of mild panic, are easy to control. World leaders are always meeting to dream up new ways to terrorise their populations. They'd watched the masses become resigned to the threat of nuclear annihilation. AIDS was probably designed by a scientist working for the Americans. If it isn't a designer virus, world leaders have seized upon it as a God-send."

Ken knocked on the door of the crumbling house in Victoria Park Road, Hackney.

"Rae MacDonald?" he enquired when a burly man answered the door.
"Aye," replied the Scotsman.

"I'm Ken Knobb. Emma Career said that you'd let me move in."
"Come inside," the Scotsman's face was a mask of smiles. "How is dear, Emma?"

"As beautiful as ever," Ken replied.
Ross led Ken into the kitchen, where he pressed a mug of steaming tea between Ken's palms. Joseph Campbell, the passive half of MacDonald's life, wandered in. Introductions made, Ross explained that Ken was moving in.

"So," Joseph spat at Ken, "the old witch wants us to house you."
"Now, now, Joe," Ross put in. "You know what Emma wants is good for our careers."

Joseph ignored the remark, and persisted with his pointed comments.
"You know the old crow is a repository for every disease that's liable to take hold between the knee-cap and navel! I hope for your own sake, she's been to the clinic lately. You could do worse than going down there yourself, to find out what you've caught."

"Emma is a very nice woman," Ken interjected.
"Call yourself straight!" Joseph retorted. "That witch is old enough to be your mother! Has she given you a shower?"

"Yes," Ken smiled.
"You must have a big dick."

"That's right," Ken smirked.
"I knew it! I knew it!" Joseph screamed.

"Sht up Joe!" Ross shouted. "If we're nice to her she might give us a shower too."

"Your dick's not big enough," Joseph taunted.
Ross smashed his fist into Joe's mouth and was rewarded with the satisfying crunch of splintering denture. Joe fell from his chair spitting out dollops of blood, and the occasional piece of National Health dentistry. Ross had broken the last of Joe's natural teeth several years previously, by slipping himself off the floor. Washed out his mouth. Sat back down at the table.

"What is it you do?" Ross asked Ken.
"Junk assemblage," Ken replied. "I've also developed a performance series called 'Excrement Campaign'."

"Sounds like bullshit to me!" Footless Joe spat.
"So what do you do, then?" Ken demanded.

"Ross and I are engaged in a ten year data project entitled 'Fruitless Labour'. Ross makes plaster casts of rocks and I paint them."

"Is that some classical reference?"

"Beyghus."

"You got any money Ken?" Ross interrupted.

"No."

"Then I won't try to hit you for the rent. Me and Joe have been here three years, and we've never paid a penny. We just tell the housing co-op they haven't come through. What a joke! We spend the housing cheques in the Queens."

"Which rooms can I have?"

"You can live on the top floor," Ross informed Ken. "Use the attic for a studio. Joe and me use the other three floors. Our studio's in the basement."

VIRGINIA Box walked into the office of Flipper Fine Arts for yet another meeting with Amanda Debben-Philips, the exhibitions' director.
"Hello, Virginia!" Amanda's face was a mask of smiles. "Before we start this meeting I'd like you to go into the back room and service the Saudi-Arabian prince whose waiting for you."

"Sure," Virginia replied casually.

She went into the back room. Said "Hi", to the prince.

"Take off your clothes," the prince said.
Virginia obeyed. The prince put a hand on her breast. He left it there for a minute, then used it to remove a length of cloth from his pocket. He blindfolded Virginia. Ordered her onto the bed. As she lay still she could hear the prince undressing.

He got onto of Virginia. Battered into her fuck-hole without any preliminaries. Ginny moaned when she was supposed to. Virtually all the time. The prince came quickly, spluttering his own brand of DNA into the confines of a condom. He got off the bed, dressed. Ordered Virginia to stand. Untied the blindfold. Watched as she put on her clothes.

"You may go now," the prince told her.

Virginia went back to the office, proceeded with her meeting.
"I've good news for you, Ginny," Amanda to her was a mask of enthusiasm. "We've programmed our computer to punch holes in card along the same lines as the pattern in your paintings. This stencil method is much quicker than your old technique. We got a technician to place the cards on canvas and paint over them. In the last three days we've produced 437 paintings. They're in the store room. At the end of the meeting I want you to go down and sign them."

A large part of any art career consists of attending openings. It was thus inevitable that Ken and Emma should meet. However, since this is no fairy tale, they didn't meet for the first time in Cork Street. Indeed it was their fate to meet at an 'alternative' show.

"Art By The Metre" was a one day event. The show had been created by an experimental group working under the name 'Art Exhibition'. Inside the shop on Whitechapel High Street, which had been specially squatted for the occasion, there were three large canvases. At 5pm the landscape was taken down and cut into eighteen metre square units. Each one of these units was offered for sale at £10. At 6pm the abstract was taken down and cut into eighteen metre square units. Each of these units was offered for sale at £15. At 7pm the nude was taken down and cut into eighteen metre square units. Each unit was sold for £20.

"Strong concept," Emma Career informed Ken. "We've always found it necessary to have these anarchic types on the fringe of the art world. We require the symbolic destruction of the market before we can reinvent it. Without such a dialectical thrust, collectors wouldn't be interested."

Amanda Debben-Philips floated up to Emma with Virginia in tow.
"Hello Emma. Have you been introduced to Virginia Box? She's my new find. I'm promoting her into the international market."

"Yes!" Emma introduced her to the CFA opening last night. However, it's lucky you introduced us again as I'd forgotten her name."

"And who is this you have with you?" Amanda enquired.
"This is Ken Knobb. I introduced you at the FBI opening last week."

"I remember now. That was so busy looking at his crotch that I didn't take in his face."

NINETY per cent of the London Art World turned out for Ken Knobb's premier at the Bow Studios. A conservative estimate put the numbers at 300. Most of those there were so tied to the Art Machine, that they'd known of the switch from Michael K., to Ken, almost before it happened. The only noticeable absence was Amanda Debben-Philips. She'd sent her apologies, explaining she had an urgent appointment at the clap clinic.

This lowest trash of humanity, this proto-capitalist scum, who thronged inside the gallery, matched the freshly installed exhibition perfectly. Old bricks, lumps of plaster, broken chairs, discarded sofas, rotten car parts, abandoned televisions, were stacked one ontop of the other. This matter work of post-modern appropriation consisted of all the junk the A & R Skip Hire Company had been contracted to dispose of during the previous week. It made little difference to the managing director whether the waste was dumped in an art gallery or on the municipal pit. The

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promise of a contract to remove it from the gallery when the exhibition was over, proved insufficient incentive for him to temporarily divert the garbage from its usual destination.

"I understood the stewards realise revival wasn't to begin for another three months," a critic was complaining.

"It is somewhat unethical," a gallery owner replied. "We did make an agreement to start the revival in March. However, as long as nothing is sold, I don't imagine it will affect the market."

"It's alright for you!" the critic cried. "All you have to worry about are your sales. I have a reputation to maintain. I've already predicted in print that the revival will begin in March."

At eight it was announced that the latest phase of Ken's 'Excrement Campaign' was about to begin upstairs. Those who could be persuaded to leave the wine table, entered a first floor studio, and found Ken before them, lying on an operating table. A nurse pushed his leg up against his chest. Inserted a length of metal tubing into his rim of dark pleasures. Ken moaned lightly as the surgical implement penetrated his sphincter. The metal tube was connected to a length of rubber hose, which in its turn ran out of a pressurised jar of heated water. The nurse pushed a button. The warm swirl discharged into Ken's arse. The metal tubing was withdrawn. The heated swirl made Ken's bowel muscles relax. Ken discharged a load of fresh, liquidised, loam, into a metal dish.

The nurse removed the dish. Bottled the excrement in test tubes. Ken got off the operating table. Picked up a roll of toilet tissue. Tore off a piece. Turned and showed his arse up at the audience. He wiped the office. Turned around. Threw the soiled tissue into the audience.

A slight scuffle followed as three punters fought for possession of the office. Ken repeated the toilet tissue action, while the nurse wheeled the operating table to the back of the studio. Ken wiped his arse a third time. Threw the tissue into the audience.

He got into a yoga position. His head resting on the floor, facing upwards. His back arched over, so that his arse was immediately over his face. His legs stretched out on the floor behind his head. The nurse inserted a tube of excrement, stoppered end facing outwards, into Ken's anal orifice. Ken removed the cork, allowing the liquid shit to dribble out of its container, and then his face. When the last drop had dribbled, Ken removed the tube, and got up off the floor.

"I believe in the power of the toilet!" Ken announced. "I play newspaper bingo. I own premium bonds. I want to re-invent the art of our century in the light of this belief system."

Ken walked to the back of the studio where he picked up a book of raffle tickets and a hat.

"O.K.!" Ken shouted as he walked back. "The tickets are a pound each. The prize is a test-tube of my shit, or if the winner prefers, all the money taken in the raffle."

An art collector stepped forward. Bought a ticket, saying that he'd take the shit. A couple more people stepped up after him and bought tickets.

"This is too much like Piero Manzoni!" someone shouted.

"Listen craphed!" Ken replied angrily. "This is post-modern appropriation. You can stuff authenticity up your arse."

"Fuck you," the audience shouted, and then left.

Some more people bought lottery tickets.

"Come on, come on!" Ken encouraged. "Don't pass up this chance of a life-time. It isn't every day you get the opportunity to win a test-tube of my shit. In ten years time you'll be able to sell it for millions."

A few more tickets were sold.

"There's now over thirty quid in the kitty," Ken coaxed. "So, even if you don't want the shit, you could go home with money in your pocket."

Two more people bought tickets.

"Right," Ken spat. "This is your last chance. Anyone who wants a ticket will have to buy one now."

He sold three more tickets. Counted up the money.

"We've taken £37," Ken smiled. "So thirty-seven lucky people are in line for being our big winner. But before I get my beautiful assistant to make the draw, I'd like those thirty-seven people to think about the difficult choice they may have to make. Firstly, consider that inflation will reduce the value of the money, while my shit will increase in value. Secondly, consider that the shit will degrade. If the owner wants the shit to retain its value, they will need to spend money having it preserved, whereas the £37 could be invested, instantly increasing its potential value."

Ken shook up the lottery stubs. The nurse put her hand into the hat, and pulled out a number.

"Twenty-three!" he screamed, her voice crazed with excitement.

"That's me!" Virgilia Box screamed in delight, as she stepped forward waving her ticket.

"Which prize would you like, lady?" Ken enquired.

"I'll take the shit."

"A wise choice," Ken's face was a mask of smiles. "And because it's such a wise choice, I'm gonna give you the chance to double your winnings."

"Yes!" gasped Virginia.

"Yes!" replied Ken. "We'll cut cards. The highest card wins. If you cut high, ontop of your tube of excrement, you also get an excrement painting, and the £37. If I win, you lose the tube of excrement, but as a booby prize, you get to kiss my arse. However, before you decide, I'll make the excrement painting. Then you'll actually see what you've got the opportunity to win."

The nurse brought Ken a tube of excrement, and a pre-stretched canvas, from the back of the studio. Ken dipped excrement over the canvas. Then melted some chocolate laxative ontop. Gluing a piece of toilet tissue in one corner completed the composition.

"It's beautiful," Virginia sighed. "I'll risk my all in an attempt to gain it."

The nurse offered Virginia a pack of 'noodle' cards. Virginia drew an eight. Ken cut an eleven. The audience thinned.

"The booby prize!" Ken announced as he shoved his arse into the air. Virginia kissed the proffered orifice. Ken ran her tongue along the crack. Back and forth. Lubricating the shit chute with her saliva. The audience whistled. Slow clapped. Boots were stomping out a rhythm.

"Shove your fingers up his arse!" a woman's voice called out.

Virginia formed her hand into a pistol shape and rammed the out-stretched index and middle fingers into the rim of dark pleasures. Ken moaned. The finger penetrated his mystery.

Someone in the audience dropped their trousers and got the person behind them to shove two fingers up his arse. Several other people followed suit.

Virginia span Ken around. Took his cock deep into her throat. Ken moaned. Buried penile mechanisms took control of their bodies. It was as if they were floating in the warm swirl of a tropical sea. Ken shot off a wad of his DNA.

Virginia hitched up her skirt. Peeled down her pants. Pulled Ken ontop of her. Genetic impulses had long ago set loose her sex juice allowing Ken's fuck-stick a squelchy passage through her tunnel of love. The two knuckled into one. The primitive rhythm of sex blurring their identities. Breaking down their egos. Reducing them to their unitary origin.

All around them other couples, and trios, were experiencing a similar loss of identity. On the edge of this festival the alienated looked on in voyeuristic fascination. Ken came. Virginia pushed him away and found herself another man. Emma Career got onto Ken and rode him out of excrement. When Emma was finished, Virginia pulled Ken into the melee. Took him home.

"WELL darlings," Emma Career concluded. "I think your 'Getting Addicted Together' Campaign is a great idea. With the swing to the right, and the AIDS scare, couples are very fashionable at the moment. However, I want you to remember one thing." Emma was staring at Virginia. "Ken is my very own, personal, walking, talking, living, dildo. Whenever I want to exercise my personality, I expect him to come running. So, you're quite welcome to his genitalia, but just remember that his fuck-stick is mine."

"I understand," Virginia was nodding to emphasise the point.

Emma got out of her chair, and walked the few paces to Ken. She took out his tool. It hardened in her hand.

"Lie on the floor," Emma commanded.

Ken did as he was told.

"Sit on his face, Virginia," Emma instructed. "Pull down your knickers, so he can eat up your pussy."

Emma pulled a walkman, and a pre-recorded cassette of the Stooges 'Raw Power' from a draw. She took a dildo from a shelf. Switched on the anal exciter, and shoved it up Ken's arse. She put the cassette in the player, turning the volume up loud. The headphones went over Ken's ears.

Emma peeled off her knickers. Hitched up her skirt. Rubbed her ditoris with an index finger. Once she'd got the lubrication going, she lowered herself onto Ken's stiff cock. Ken's tongue was exploring Virginia's cavernous pleasures. His are tingled organically. The raw energy of the Stooges exploded through his head. Emma was working him up to fulfill his genetic function. Ken's ability to distinguish between the different phenomena had vanished under the intensity of these various sensations.

He had gone beyond personality. Had been reduced to a mere function of his DNA. Sperm surged through Ken's cock. The liquid genetics spurting out into the purple confines of Emma's fuck-hole. Virginia's sex juice was filling up his mouth. The music. The vibrator. These sensations were being genetically recorded for future generations. Future pleasures. But Ken didn't feel a thing. The social construction that constituted Ken Knobb, had been blown away.

Emma pulled herself off Ken's instrument of genetic propagation. Virginia got up. Sore from the lashings of Ken's tongue. Emma pulled the dildo from Ken's arse. The cassette clicked off.

She lay on the floor dribbling sperm and saliva. Virginia made three sweat-soaked socks, staining brown upon Emma, and another into Ken's tear-soaked palms. The latter recipient began to come round. Pulling his character armour back into place. Emma drank down her cuppa.

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"Right," she announced. "I've got to get going. There's a flame thrower in Studio Eleven. I want you to break in there and use it to destroy the exhibition. I'll come in at nine tomorrow and discover the damage. I'll call the cops straight away." She was looking at Ken. "If you come in at eleven, you can fill out the insurance forms, and start phoning the papers. Try and burn the walls a bit while you're doing over the exhibition. It'll mean I can claim insurance for having the gallery repainted. It needs doing."

WHEN Ken walked into the gallery his mouth dropped open. His face went white. Then scarlet as he flew into a rage.

"The bastards! I'll kill the fucking bastards! Wait till I get my hands on them. I'll pour boiling water over their eyeballs. I'll sew up their asses and force-feed them. I'll remove their skin layer by layer, until there's nothing left but bone. This is what comes of abolishing National Service! The nation is over-run by hooligans!"

"And just who might you be?" a constable enquired.

"Me?" Ken cried in disbelief. "I'm the person who wants to know why you haven't been doing your job properly. I'm the person who wants to know why dangerous criminals are allowed to run loose. I'm the person who wants to know what you're doing to catch the bastards who've ruined my exhibition. That's who I am!"

"Ah..." the constable sighed, taking out his note-book and flicking through the pages. "You must be Ken Knobb, the artist who... installed? Is that the correct word?"

"Yes," Ken replied.

"You're the artist who 'installed' this exhibition."

"That's correct."

"Good," the constable replied. "I've been waiting for you to come along. I'd like you to answer a few questions."

"Well, fire away."

"Do you have any enemies?"

"No. Why should I? I'm an artist."

"The person who smashed up this exhibition obviously had a reason for doing it."

"Ah," Ken replied. "I'm beginning to follow your line of reasoning. Whoever did it must be jealous of my incredible artistic talent."

"Does that slogan mean anything to you?" The constable was pointing at the words 'Artists Are The Real Philistines', which Ken had burnt into the wall with the flame-thrower.

"Why man!" Ken replied, his face a mask of horror. "That's a situationist slogan!"

"And what may I ask," the constable enquired grimly, "is a situationist?"

"They're a rogue breed of militant," Ken explained, "who recognise the central value of art to our society. They see the destruction of art as the starting point of any effective political strategy. The reverence with which your average worker attends an art gallery drives them wild. Just as nineteenth-century anarchists saw they necessity of destroying religion before they could have a violent revolution in which everybody would get killed, so these situationists see the destruction of art as a necessary pre-requisite for mass butchery. On one occasion they organised a 'situation' at the Tate. Four of them ran through the modern galleries, causing quite a disturbance, until the security guards caught them. They have been known to steal milk from doorways as a tactic in their campaign to redistribute wealth. Some of them even possess 'texts' by Bakunin!"

"I see," replied the constable whose eyes had glazed. He smashed a clenched fist into an open palm. "This is most serious. I'll do everything I can to smash the red bastards."

"Is that all, constable?" Ken enquired.

"I've just one more question," the constable informed him. "Does the name Michael K. mean anything to you?"

"Why yes!" Ken replied clutching the constable's sleeve. "He's one of those situationists! He pretends that he's an artist, but it's just a front to infiltrate the art world. It was once at an opening where his bag got knocked over. Several situationist texts fell out, including a copy of 'Society of the Spectacle', the most terrible of their books!"

"That's all I need to know," the constable's face was a mask of hate. "Miss Carter has already informed me that he has a grudge against the gallery. She's given me his address. I'll get an arms warrant and shoot the red anarchist as he tries to resist arrest. That'll save the British taxpayer the expense of a trial."

The constable left and Ken went upstairs to Emma's office. His insurance claim came to a cool fifteen grand. Emma was claiming another five big ones against damage to the gallery. A twenty grand turn-over wasn't bad for thirty minutes work.

"By the way," Emma informed Ken as she looked over his insurance claim, "the gallery takes fifty per cent of all your sales. That includes insurance money for works damaged."

Ken spent the afternoon phoning the papers. Fortunately for him the cops had shot the red bastard they believed was responsible for destroying his show. The situationist gunk had tried to resist arrest. This death made post-modern art a front page affair. Ken had arrived.

KEN and Virginia teamed up with a skinhead poet to do over some Mayfair flats. Both Ken and Virginia had earned a lot of money, but they squandered it all on smack. They couldn't believe their luck when they found a Picasso hanging on a living room wall. They draped a sheet over the painting, and took a bus back to Virginia's Stoke Newington abode. Fending a Picasso was no easy feat. But pulling it off would make them each several million richer.

Virginia went down to the cellar to get some wine. It was a futile gesture, since they were all too smacked up to enjoy alcohol. Ginny slipped rat poison into two red bottles. She kept a white bottle clean for herself. While she'd been down in the cellar, Ken had smashed a chair over their collaborator's head. Ken had then rumaged through some drawers until he found a kitchen knife. He'd shoved it through the heart of his erstwhile, and now unconscious, partner in crime. When he withdrew it, the blade was bloody red. Virginia received the same treatment. The only difference being that she was conscious when the knife went into her heart. The wine she was carrying went crashing to the floor, where the bottles smashed. Ken withdrew the blade, his ex-girlfriend dropped down dead.

He wrapped the Picasso in the bedsheet that had covered it on its journey to Stoke Newington. Walked down Manor Road, left onto Stamford Hill, and south onto Stoke Newington High Street. Ken strode towards Dalston. Soho Sally rodd around the corner from Church Street. She levelled her 45 at Ken. Sent two bullets blasting into his back. Ken fell into the road. Went under the wheels of a bus. The driver didn't have time to stop. By the time the cops had stopped the traffic it was difficult to tell where Ken Knobb ended, and the Picasso painting began. They were both an integral part of the same bloody mess.

THE AVANT-GARDE OF PRESENCE

'On 16th January (1963) some revolutionary students in Caracas made an armed attack on an exposition of French art and carried off five paintings, which they declared they would return in exchange for the release of political prisoners. The forces of order recovered the paintings after a gun battle with Winston Burnides, Louis Monteleo, and Gladys Trocenis. A few days later some other comrades threw two bombs on the police van that was transporting the recovered paintings, which unfortunately did not succeed in destroying it. This is clearly an exemplary way to treat the art of the past, to bring it back into the play of life and reestablish priorities. Since the death of Gauguin (I tried to establish the right to dare everything) and Van Gogh, their work, recuperated by their enemies, has never received from the cultural world a homage as true to their spirit as the act of these Venezuelans. During the Dresden insurrection of 1849 Bakunin proposed, unsuccessfully, that the insurgents take the paintings out of the museums and put them on the barricade at the entrance to the city, to see if this might inhibit the firing of the attacking troops. We can thus see how this skirmish in Caracas links up with one of the highest moments of the revolutionary risings of the last century and even goes further.' Guy Debord 'The Situationists and the New Forms of Action in Politics And Art'.

DEBORD's strength as a 'revolutionary leader' was always his greatest weakness. Through him several generations of anarchist, and left communist, youth, have discovered the 'pleasures' of detournement, and the 'practical' uses to which such puns can be put. As part and parcel of these practices they have inherited Debord's fetishisation of the separation between politics and art. 'Detournement' is thus adopted as the activists' substitute for more mainstream cultural activities. Rather than abandoning 'art' for a life PRAXIS, Debord preferred to take on the apologetic role of 'revolutionary leader'. As a result, from the mid-sixties onwards he felt the need to attack art in the same way he had previously practiced it. Like Hitch (another failed artist), he invested in art an unwarranted importance long after his move into politics. Thus he never properly understood the qualitative difference between an individual art work, and art as an abstract reification. This weakness is amplified in the 'theory' of his followers, many of whom imagine that the destruction of specific art works is, in itself, a revolutionary tactic. An even greater failing is their inability to appreciate why the destruction of art is at the same moment the destruction of politics. Despite an 'apparent' difference, the distance between 'art' and 'politics' has always been minimal.

THIRD MANIFESTO OF PRAXIS

TASTE, like law, is based on precedent. Therefore, as a 'revolutionary' force, we are opposed to aesthetics. Morals, also, are based on previous cases, which are used as examples and justifications. Therefore, we have no truck with religion, philosophy, or politics.



SIN IN STYLE



FREEDOM